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Weavings in Leisure Hours.

Jonathan Flanagan.

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EDNA MOTHER

WEAVINGS

— IN —

LEISURE HOURS

— BY —

JONATHAN FLANAGAN.

SECOND EDITION.

LIVERPOOL:
GILBERT G. WALMSLEY, 50, LORD STREET.
1893

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PREFACE.

Dear Reader,

Encouraged by the success of the first issue of my simple lays, and the advice of my numerous friends, I have ventured upon a Second Edition. I have every confidence you will give an impartial judgment upon its merits, and if by any lucky chance they may be the means of cheering a tired mind, or making the labours of the workers in this great city lighter, then I shall not have written in vain.

Thanking all who have assisted me in the past,

I remain,

Faithfully yours,

JONATHAN FLANAGAN.

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Weavings in Leisure Hours.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

I WILL tell a Christmas Story,
Of a little maid I know,
Though her hair is far from hoary,
Yet 'tis very light I trow.

And her eyes they sparkle brightly,
When you speak to her of love,
Though she's young her mind is sprightly,
For she knows that God's above.

And this pretty little maiden,
Once so full of life and joy,
With a little load is laden
For she tends a baby boy.

And her life is not all sunshine,
She has got to work all day,
Yet she's never known to pine,
Though her mother is away.

Yes, away and leaves this maiden,
While she toils for daily bread,
For her heart with grief is laden,
For her husband he is dead.

Dead, and left them all so lonely,
Full of grief and full of woe;
Left them to their Maker only,
Just one Christmas Eve ago.

For it was in dark December,
That he sailed upon the sea;
Ah, that time they well remember,
Little dreamt they how 'twould be.

For he told them when he parted,
"At my absence do not grieve,
But be happy and light hearted:
Think of me on Christmas Eve."

And he sailed away quite gaily,
Dancing o'er the ocean's foam;

But his thoughts were with them daily,
Those loved ones he left at home.

And the ship, she sailed so sprightly,
That she almost seemed to say,
"Let's be happy, and smile brightly,
For to-morrow's Christmas Day."

Ah, little thought they, as they ranged
O'er the deep and boundless sea,
That the wind would soon be changed,
Little thought they how 'twould be.

For at night the storm came quickly,
Shivering timbers, creaking mast,
And the snow fell very thickly,
Surely it would never last.

And breathing low to Him above,
While the billows they did heave;
"O God, protect us in Thy love,
Let's not drown on Christmas Eve.

"That we may behold the morrow,
Which to Christians is so dear;
That from Christ some strength may borrow,
That we may not perish here."

'Twas too late, the ship was sinking,
While the billows they did foam ;
Captain, mate, and crew were thinking
Of the loved ones left at home.

Down she went, and split asunder,
They were helpless, every one;
And amidst the roar of thunder,
Could be heard " Thy will be done."

And this mother, maid, and infant,
Were of every hope bereft;
He they loved so in an instant,
'Neath the boundless ocean slept.

O ! that mother's bitter anguish,
When she heard that he was lost ;
And her heart in grief did languish,
And her hands in prayer she crossed.

And this pretty little maiden,
With her soft uplifted eyes,
Cries, " With sorrow we are laden,
Take us, Father, to the skies."

IN THE COUNTRY.

O, LET me stand, and gaze around
Upon the tranquil scene;
Where daisies bloom upon the ground,
And fields are beauteous green.

I wonder if there's misery
In all this broad expanse,
That keeps me in such ecstacy
And holds me in a trance?

It cannot be, the scene too bright
For misery to dwell.
It seems as if 'twill ne'er be night,
Or darkness hold the spell.

I love this scene before my eye,
It fills my very soul,
To gaze upon the bright blue sky,
And hill tops, tinged with gold,

It makes me feel a Master mind
Has drawn creation's plan,
And placed these beauties that we find,
To glad the heart of man.

Who placed the daisies in the field,
That covers o'er the sod,
And made the ground the grass to yield?
It must be thou, O God.

NOVEMBER.

N o clear blue sky to cheer us on our way,
O r beaming sun to brighten up the day,
V oid of all pleasure is this month so drear,
E ager I wait for it to disappear.
M ay all its fogs and drizzling rain depart,
B efore they chill the blood or damp the heart:
E ver a month of mist both night and day;
R elieve us soon, November haste away.

ABBEY CRUCIS.

O CRUCIS! thou dost thrill me as I stand
And see the remnants of thy fallen state—
Thy aged stones, displaced on every hand—
Oh, keenly thou hast felt the touch of fate!

Gone are thy inmates to each silent grave,
Monk, priest, and friar, have answered death's dread call;
No life within thy crumbling ruins, save
The ivy clinging to each mouldering wall.

Where are the hands that gave the poor their dole,
That helped the homeless on their weary road?
The tongues, that whispered hope to each dying soul?
Gone, all gone, unto their blessed abode!

No hooded priest, in meditation deep,
Doth walk with measured tread thine aisles along;
Or white-robed chorister, in accents sweet,
Raise the Te Deum or the joyous song.

All silent now! the evening prayer is o'er,
No sacred anthem floats upon the air;
All hushed, all perished, to return no more;
And like grim spectres are thy ruins bare.

The king of desolation reigns supreme,
And blights this earthly temple made by men;
Its lofty pinnacles will never more be seen,
Through unborn ages ne'er will rise again,

Thy glory's faded never to return!
Gone is the splendour of thy former prime;
No smouldering incense on thy altars burn;
All, all, have vanished with destroying time!

I leave thee, Crucis, to thy deepening gloom,
A meet abode for midnight gnomes to range;
Thy day has ended, but thy inmates bloom
In that fair realm that ne'er will fade or change.

ON THE DEATH OF A NEAR RELATIVE.

ANOTHER soul has taken flight,
Up to the realms above,
Where there will never more be night,
But all be peace and love.

He suffered long upon this earth,
And must have prayed to die,
That he might pass his second birth,
And dwell with God on high.

He had a merry, merry heart,
And full of laugh and song;
It makes us grieve with him to part,
We miss him from the throng.

But then we know he's happier far,
Than those left here below,
He's passed the gate that stands ajar,
And with his God we know.

Before the throne he takes his place,
And sings a sweeter lay,
And sees his dear Redeemer's face,
Through one Eternal day.

Ah, that's a hope for those that weep,
For those that feel his loss,
For though in earth his form does sleep,
His spirit's round the cross,

Of Him that died for all mankind,
And has His life's blood given,
That we a peaceful home may find,
And happy be in Heaven,

Then let us bow our heads in prayer,
That he may be at rest
In that Eternal home up there,
For ever with the blest.

THE JEWS, 1885.

THE Jews are scattered o'er the earth,
Long they are forced to roam,
From that dear land that gave them birth,
From their most sacred home.

They have been an oppressed race
In almost every age,
Compelled to roam from place to place,
By bigots in their rage.

Why, even now, this very day
They are not left alone,
But by Russia's cruel sway
Are driven from their home.

And they must seek in other lands,
That peace denied them there;
Where they may lift their willing hands
To Israel's God in prayer.

What have they done that they should be
A mark for Christian hate,
And driven far o'er land and sea,
From every city gate?

They crucified their Lord, I know,
And in a cruel way;
But we who live in sin thus show
Him crucified each day.

What right have we to judge them so,
For that which was to be;
And bid them from their cities go,
And from our presence flee?

They carried out a dread decree,
That came from One on high,
Who placed His Son upon a tree,
That for our sins might die.

The Saviour died for all mankind,
For Christian and for Jew,
That all in Him a home might find,
Ah, e'en for me and you.

Then let us take them by the hand,
And cheer their suff'ring hearts,
And bid them welcome to our land,
And act the Christian's part.

Through all the centuries of woe,
No matter where they ranged,
Or o'er what trackless seas they go,
Their faith has never changed.

But still the same unwavering Jew,
Through ages that have rolled;
And ever to the teachings true
Of Abraham of old.

I love their quiet, patient face,
So thoughtful and serene;
They live in hope to see that place,
Their native hills so green.

I trust that day will soon come round,
When they will all return
To Israel's most sacred ground,
And on their altars burn,

An off'ring meet to God on high,
Who brings His children home;
That on His bosom they may lie,
And for their sins atone.

TO EMILY.

I HAVE a little daughter, just only three years old,
With O, such pretty blue eyes, and hair like shining gold;
Her merry heart it cheers me, when from labour I return,
Which makes me smile, though weary, with joy my bosom burns.

She's an angel unto me, she brightens up my cot,
And makes me feel happy and contented with my lot.
I would not lose my darling for all the wealth untold,
Not to be an Emperor, upon a throne of gold.

What's a throne of gold to me, compared to the sweet love
Of this little Angel, that's been sent me from above?
With her arms around my neck, I'm happy as a king,
And all my worldly troubles unto the winds I fling.

May she ever, ever be a comfort to my days,
And in maturer years walk in the Heavenly way.
When old age o'ertakes me, I can look with joy and pride
At my darling daughter, that has never left my side.

ON THE DEATH OF A LITTLE GIRL.

AND she is dead, that suffered so much pain,
And gone to Him that reigns supreme on high,
We would not wish to see her back again,
From her bright home in the celestial sky.

Enough of pain she felt on earth below,
To make us wish that God would but look down
Upon a child who naught of sin did know,
And place upon her head a golden crown.

'Tis very hard to part from those we love,
Who make us happy with their childish play;
But we know they are with the saints above,
And roam through pleasant meadows far away.

It is a consolation when we think
We all shall meet on that eternal shore,
Who parted here upon affliction's brink,
And live in perfect bliss for evermore.

Then why repine? We all must kiss the rod
Of Him who holds our destiny secure,
And bow in meekness to His smallest nod,
That takes these little suff'rers from our door.

Her life was short, but then she suffered much,
Which earns for her a little jewelled crown.
She feels no pain; no, not the slightest touch,
Nor not for all the world would she come down.

But hopes to meet the beings that she loves,
In that fair land of sunshine and of light;
Where suff'rers feel as tranquil as the doves,
And through eternity forever bright.

A WARNING.

A SOUL went flutt'ring up to Heaven's gate,
Eager to know whate'er would be his fate,
And knocked upon the door with gentle rap,
Thinking Saint Peter might be in a nap;
For there had been strange applicants of late,
Who tried to enter through the Sacred gate,
And so the Saint got vexed, and let them know
Heaven was none of theirs, they must go below.
But this poor spirit saw the Saint appear,
Who asked him gently, "What do you want here?"
"I want to enter Heaven, to leave all care,
For on the earth below I had my share."
"What have you done, that I should ope' the door?"
"Well, I've been married twenty years or more."
Saint Peter paused, then gave the door a touch,
And said, "Come in, you must have suff'red much."

While this poor sinner with joy passed the gate,
Another spirit came, to know his fate.
"What dost thou want?" Saint Peter calmly said.
"O, let me enter heaven to rest my head!"
"Didst thou on earth give alms unto the poor?
Give answer truly ere I ope' the door."
"You did not test the other spirit so."
"Ah, he was married on the earth below,
And so I let him enter in a trice."
"Then let me in, for I've been married twice."
"What!" Then Saint Peter in a passion flew,
"Oh, no, Heaven's not made for such as you;
No fools can enter this sweet tranquil place,
Get thee below, and never show thy face;
A man in sober senses marry twice,
And then presume to enter Paradise;
Why you must think that we're as mad as you—
No! no! thy entrance here would never do."
Then all the Angels in rebellious voice
Cried, "Do not admit a fool at any price."

BUFFALOISM.

A BAND of brothers pledged unto a cause,
To help the worthy poor in direst need;
That feels the force of nature's grandest laws,
And holds the hand of friendship out indeed.

In this hard up-hill fight of every day,
We need some helping hand to make it bright;
Some feelings true to drive all cares away
And make us feel the heaviest labours light.

Men that combine to help their fellow men,
Are nature's noblest gentlemen below;
They cheer the drooping spirits up again,
And keep their brothers from all want and woe.

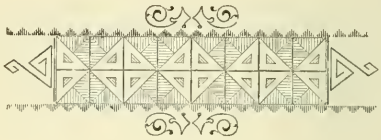
What grander service could a man perform
Than give his mite to drive grim want away,
To ease some suff'ring soul with anguish torn,
And make them hope to see a brighter day?

Would we had more Buffaloism and less strife,
How happy we should be upon this earth;
How full of blissful moments were our life,
And all Creation would hold men of worth.

This world would be indeed a dreary place,
If we were left to plod our way alone,
Without the help of some kind cheery face,
Who, with their smiles, for all our ills atone.

Plant the tree of Buffaloism in the soul,
And give to each true Brother hand and heart,
And keep our golden rule intact and whole,
And never from its principles depart.

Philanthropy must be our battle cry,
And cheer our suff'ring Brothers with our love;
And when we've fought the good fight and we die,
A rich reward we'll get from God above.



A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

A HAPPY new year, to the whole of mankind,
Is the strain I sing in my song;
In the days that are coming I hope we find
Some pleasure to help us along.

A happy new year to those hearts that are sad,
And sigh for some friend far away:
May the year that is coming make their hearts glad,
The time be more joyous and gay.

A happy new year to those maidens who pray
For their lovers over the main;
I hope they'll return from those lands far away,
Ne'er leave them to wander again.

A happy new year to those stricken with grief;
May their tears depart very soon,
Their future be brighter and bring them relief,
Their darkness of night changed to noon.

A happy new year to this England of ours,
Her sons live at peace evermore;
Beloved and respected by all foreign powers,
And welcome to all to her shore.

A happy new year, may it bring with it joys,
On the rich and poor may they fall;
Our days be untarnished and free from alloys:
A happy new year to us all.

FAITH.

HE that hath faith a mountain can remove,
So runs the language of the God of love:
By faith alone we can be purified,
And kept within the fold of Him who died.

It cheers us up in poverty and woe,
And guides our steps aright, where'er we go;
It makes the bosom with emotion swell,
And pure and holy feelings there to dwell.

We feel by faith there is a power Supreme,
That lights our pathway with a golden beam;
Faith calms the suff'rer in his hour of need,
And lets him know that Christ's his friend indeed.

Look at the martyrs in the days of old,
Who met their doom quite fearlessly and bold,
Because their faith within was firm and fast,
And no dark shadows o'er their hearts were cast.

Let us have faith; 'twill stand us in the end,
For all before the tyrant Death must bend;
'Twill nerve us up to meet with any fate,
And bear us onward to Heaven's Golden Gate.

HOPE.

O HOPE, bright hope, it cheers us up,
Whene'er we drink of sorrow's cup,
It makes us feel some distant day,
Will see our grief and pain away.

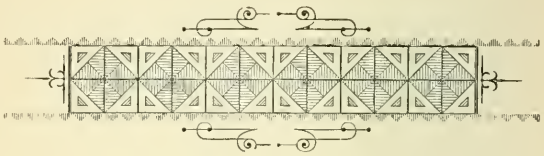
It makes the sailor think of home,
When on the boundless deep alone,
And sends him scudding o'er the main
To see his darling wife again.

The soldier in the battle's tide,
In hopes to save his country's pride;
And when his power is almost gone,
'Tis hope, sweet hope, that goads him on.

The trav'ler on the desert plain,
That seeks for water, all in vain,
A gleam of hope some comfort brings,
He yet may find the cooling springs.

The poor man in his lowly cot,
That struggles bravely with his lot,
Sees in the future far away,
A ray of hope to cheer his way.

We live on hope, though all be dim,
It buoys us up to trust in Him,
Who will not let the meanest fall,
But be to us our all in all.



CHARITY.

IT is a name sounds sweetly on the ear,
And makes the heart with God-like love expand,
It shows to us our duty while we're here,
To give to sufferers a helping hand.

We must not hoard up all our wealth on earth,
But give a portion to the poor away;
We can bring nothing with us at our birth,
No, nor an atom can we take away.

O! charity is like the gentle dew,
It moistens all the hardness of our lot;
It shows the human heart what work can do,
And like an Angel cheers the poor man's cot.

There is a blessing waits on him who gives
A little from the store that God has sent;
It brightens up his pathway while he lives,
And when he dies he'll find it was but lent.

There are many rich men with hearts of steel,
That are void of all feelings of the soul;
For their suffering brother naught can feel,
And make an El Dorado for their goal.

How shall we stand at the great judgment day,
With all our imperfections on our head?
We will stand confounded in wild dismay,
If Christ extends not charity to us.

APRIL.

A PRIL is here, with its refreshing showers,
P reparing all our dells for sweet May flowers.
R elieved we feel from winter's chilling blast,
I ndeed we are quite happy it is past.
L ong may the flowers their pleasant perfume cast.

A WISH—TO ~~EVELINA~~ EDNA

I WISH you joy through all your days,
And may you walk in virtue's ways,
Ah! even to the end.

And may that God who dwells on high
Make every evil from you fly,
And blessings to you send.

And when your work on earth is o'er,
May Angels waft thee to that shore,
Where dwells eternal bliss.

DEPARTED DAYS.

COULD I recall departed days,
That were so bright and gay;
Before my longing eyes to raise
Scenes that have passed away.

My heart would fill with joy once more,
My spirits bound with glee,
To see again those days of yore
That were so dear to me.

'Tis sweet to ponder o'er the past,
When friends were firm and true,
And sigh for scenes too sweet to last,
Enchanting to the view.

Ah, those were happy days, indeed,
And fraught with every joy,
As over hill and dell and mead,
I roamed a careless boy.

And plucked the flowers that grew around
So charming to the sight,
And danced and romped upon the ground
In childhood's wild delight.

If I could turn the wheel of time,
Those days should with me stay,
The fleeting days of boyhood's prime,
There's none so sweet as they.

Then, I was free from every care,
'Twas one glad round of joy,
I'd give what I possess on earth
To be again a boy.

MOONLIGHT.

HOW sweet upon a moonlight night,
To see that orb's resplendent light,
Shine over hill and dell;

And one so sweet, close by your side,
That on some day will be your bride,
Your love for her you tell.

And she with eyes of dazzling blue,
Confides her love, her heart to you,
Beneath the moon's pale beams.

And all around is bright and clear,
No sound of busy mills are near,
To chase away these dreams;

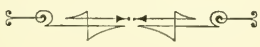
But all is tranquil and serene,
The earth seems clothed in silv'ry sheen,
Reflected from above.

It is the time makes lovers bold,
To speak the feelings of the soul,
And lips meet lips in love;

And bosoms heave with love's first dream,
And all glides smoothly like a stream,
It is the spring of life.

And in the future far away,
They see no ills to mar their way,
No fears of care or strife.

But vow their loves with beating hearts,
That on this earth they ne'er will part,
Beneath the shining moon.



ON THE BIRTH OF MY SON CHARLES.

WELCOME, wee stranger, with thy lovely face,
A thousand welcomes do I give to thee,
The image of myself I well can trace,
I know thou art a blessing sent to me.

I love to gaze into thy deep blue eye,
And on thy forehead to imprint a kiss,
And when I think of this cold world I sigh,
But hope thy days will be one round of bliss.

Thy father and thy mother have not gold,
Nor stately halls in which thy steps may rove;
But they will shield thee from the winter's cold,
And share with thee the fulness of their love.

Thy brothers and thy sisters shout with glee,
  They feel enraptured with thy lovely form,
A smiling cherubim thou seems to be,
  Come down our humble cottage to adorn.

O may thy days be free from all alloy,
  Thy steps in virtue's pathway ever roam.
May God be guardian of my darling boy,
  And find for thee within His love a home.

TO MISS HADWEN,

On Presenting me with a Valuable Book.

I THANK thee kindly for thy precious book,
A gem indeed 'twill be to me;
And as upon its leaves with joy I look,
My thoughts will e'er fly back to thee.

Why shouldst thou think of one so lowly born,
Whose lot is in an humble way?
But that all class distinction thou dost scorn,
And let thy feelings have full sway.

Accept the grateful throbbings of my heart,
For it is all I have to give,
And with this lovely book I ne'er will part,
And may God bless thee for thy gift.

TO WILLIAM BENNETT, Esq.

JOY be yours in your wedded life,
And may you sail secure from strife,
And live in bliss with your dear wife,
Ah, now and evermore!

O may your days glide softly by,
And may no sorrow dim your eye,
Nor aught arise to make you sigh,
Ah, now and evermore!

And when old age comes creeping on,
And o'er your brow its wrinkles come,
May you be cheered by thy loved one,
Ah, then and evermore!

And when all worldly joys shall wane,
And we be born to life again,
May you and yours sing loud the strain,
O joy for evermore.

PERSECUTION OF THE JEWS, 1892.

To F. M. Morris, Esq., I dedicate this Poem.

OH! Israel, thy trials are not o'er,
The irony of fate doth compass thee;
Driven remorselessly from shore to shore—
Like storm toss'd mariners on a troubl'd sea.

The hand of bigotry is raised again,
And you must wander o'er the o'cean wide
To find a home beyond a despot's ken,
Where thou and thine in peace may yet abide.

You may be captive led to either pole,
And every limb with iron bands be fraught;
They cannot for an hour enslave your souls,
Or quench the sacred truths your fathers taught.

But He who saved you from King Pharoah's hosts
Will be your guiding star till life shall cease.
Yes! though the nations trample you like dust,
Will lead you to the promised land of peace.

Your homes shall teem with milk and honey yet,
Ye persecuted wanderers o'er the earth!
But be ye joyful for the sun will set
In freedom o'er the land that gave you birth.

Your long deserted cities yet shall bloom,
And praises sound from synagogues once more:
A light will break upon your darksome noon,
And all will be as in the days of yore.

The desolated plains of Palestine
Will be redolent with the golden grain;
And looking down the vista of pass'd time
Your inmost hearts will beat with joy again.

The tyrant's cruelty will fade that day,
And you shall roam through Jewry free from thrall,
And all your persecutions pass away,
The Lord of Hosts will triumph over all.

THE POET.

O LET me sing aloud the poet's praise,
Whose inspired words cheer up the drooping heart,
Who with the soothing influence of his lays
Bids care and sorrow from our souls depart.

'Tis not within the power of tongue to tell
The holy feelings that pervade his mind;
Look in his face and scan his features well,
A calm and peaceful smile you're sure to find.

He loves to stand upon the mountain height,
And scan with eager eye the broad expanse;
And there his mind unfolds in fancy's flight,
And feels encompassed in a glorious trance.

He loves to wander where the daisy grows,
And view the tiny plants that deck the sod;
And in these beauties all around, he knows
The hand that made them is the hand of God.

He feels enraptured when the billows roar
And toss about the bright and sparkling spray,
And watch the daring sea birds as they soar
Into the dim distance so far away.

Perchance you meet him at the brooklet's side,
Or in the meadows as he strolls along,
And think he's idly dreaming—do not chide,
Nature has marked him as a child of song.

There is a something in the poet's soul
That lights his pathway with a golden beam—
A longing and a yearning for the goal,
To live for ever with the Great Supreme.

He worship's nature in its wildest form,
Alike to him is mountain, peak and dell;
He loves the gentle zephyr and the storm;
The music of the whirlwind he can tell.

He finds a pleasure in the pathless woods,
To hear some songster sing a merry lay;
And loves to see the little scented buds
Extend their petals to the blaze of day

His dreams are of Elysian fields afar,
Where wild flowers in their native beauty grow;
A home eternal is his guiding star;
Sweet inspirations through his bosom flow.

All things in nature have for him a charm—
He sees creation with an eye of love;
His days and nights are one continual calm,
Ever communing with his God above.

A WELCOME TO MAY.

WELCOME, sweet May, with blossoms fair,
So meet to grace my lady's hair
And match her beaming eye.

O, month of flowers that charm the heart
And make the sweet impulses start,
The sickly smile with joy.

They love to see these pretty gems,
With opening buds and slender stems—
An emblem of His power

Who made the seasons come and go,
And all the beauteous flowers to grow,
The sunshine and the shower.

I greet thee with thy roses fair,
For thou art welcome everywhere,
Thou bright and smiling May.

THE SAILOR'S JOY.

GAILY o'er the waters I glide,
With the sails so full and so white,
The spray dancing on every side,
Which fills me with joy and delight.

What care I when my barque is strong,
I laugh at the treacherous foam;
While on its bosom I sail along,
And wafts me so merrily home.

Others may toil in forge and mill,
But give me the boundless deep—
A fresh'ning breeze the sails to fill,
And over the waters I'll sweep.

And laugh at the wind in its roar,
While my barque is so firm and true,
Sing as I near my native shore,
Thou dark and boundless depths, adieu.

Then blow ye winds and let me stand
Once more within my homely nest,
And grasp my loved ones by the hand,
And strain them to my loving breast.

For in the distance I can see
My wife with children by her side,
Their wee voices praying for me,
To waft me safely o'er the tide.

But I am coming, calm your fears,
With white sails flowing o'er the sea ;
I'll kiss away those trembling tears,
And then how happy we will be.

FATHER MURPHY.

FATHER MURPHY that lives in the sweet County Clare,
Is a fine Irish priest, with soft black curly hair;
And an eye that can see through a wall a foot thick,
And wherever he goes, sure, he carries a stick.

O, the boys know that sprig of shillelagh quite well,
For it falls on their hearts just the same as a spell;
And whenever he twirls it there is silence around,
And the boys that oppose it are soon on the ground.

They require no lawyers in the County of Clare,
If a wrong wants righting Father Murphy is there;
While protecting the weak, he is just to the strong,
For they cannot resist the sweet style of his tongue.

At the weddings and christenings for many miles round,
The best seat at the table for him will be found;

He will laugh and will smile as the joking goes on,
And drink the nate whisky while they sing a good song.

Now he is just the priest that the people do love,
Though his form is burly, he's a heart like a dove;
For the children will run and take hold of his coat,
And a smile o'er his broad face angelic will float.

He will bless them and gaze in their bright beaming eyes,
And will picture the home up above in the skies;
He will pray to the Lord their young hearts he may win,
And to guide them and keep them unsullied by sin.

He loves all his people and will work for them hard,
The vilest among them he will not discard;
But will show them the folly of dwelling in sin,
And will make them all vow a new life to begin.

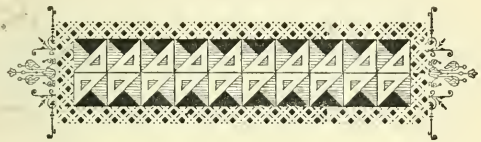
The great seek his counsel, and the poor seek his aid,
All the weak and the timid are never afraid;
For he gives them all courage to bear with their lot,
And tells them in Heaven that none are forgot.

He will enter the mansions where wealth does
abound,
And will pray in the cottage where sorrow is found,
He assists all the needy and makes each rejoice,
And the sick will all smile at the sound of his voice.

For he is a true friend to the people indeed,
And will make no distinction whatever their creed;
For his mind is ever open and free from all thrall,
Yes, his hand and his heart are extended to all.

Now his love is unbounded as onward he plods,
Ever fighting against sin and leads them to God;
And they all seem so glad when he gives them a
call,
He is welcome in cottage, and welcome in hall.

He has won all the hearts of the people in Clare,
For he shows by his love he is willing to share
In their joys, and their sorrows, their fears, and
their sighs;
May he find a blest home up above when he dies.



TO MY CANARY.

PRETTY warbler, blythe and gay,
Singing merrily all day,
In thy little cot.

Prison bars don't check thy song,
For you warble, warble on;
Happy is thy lot.

And thy merry little lays,
Call me back to other days
When my heart was young.

And sweet visions come to me,
And old vanished forms I see,
Then I too have sung

Simple lays as blythe as thine,
In that happy youthful time,
In that dawn of life;

Long before this world of care,
Streaked with grey my glossy hair;
When I knew no strife.

And thy little notes so gay,
Fills my soul with thoughts to-day,
Of that long ago.

THE FISHERMAN.

THE fisherman went forth at dawn of day,
And sped over the boundless deep;
With a fav'ring breeze he was far away,
While all in the town were asleep.

And the sun shone out on a tranquil sea,
And all around was calm and bright;
The fisherman's practical eye could see
That a storm would come on ere night.

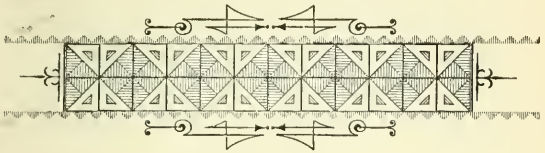
Then he thought of his wife just twelve months wed,
And his aged mother so dear,
"I'll raise my net from the waters," he said,
"And my course I will homeward steer."

The storm came quickly, he scarcely had gone
With full sails on his homeward track,
When the wind in its fury drove him on
Towards the rocks that were looming black.

And the women prayed for their darling bold,
While their tears on the sea beach fell;
But his form was drifting lifeless and cold
To the depths where the sea nymphs dwell.

And two loving hearts were in grief that day,
When a broken boat washed ashore;
They wept for their darling taken away,
They never would welcome him more.

The Father that rules the storm and the calm,
Who gave that young fisherman life,
Will send the stricken a comforting balm,
Will care for his mother and wife.



CONTENTMENT.

'TIS well to be contented with our lot,
No matter high or low;
A palace grand will be the humble cot,
If love doth freely flow.

We cannot all be masters of great wealth;
There's some must work till eve;
If God, in mercy, gives us strength and health,
What cause have we to grieve?

It is no use to grumble and to fret
At this our humble lot;
We must be thankful for whate'er we get,
And waste not what we've got.

At times we fancy that a store of gold
Would make our cares depart;
But it brings with it griefs a hundred fold,
When it enslaves the heart.

There is many a man of lowly birth
Has climbed the ladder's height,
His lot was humble and quite hard on earth,
But he pulled through the fight.

And so can we if willingly we try
And do the best we can,
And be contented, and don't sigh and cry,
But stand up like a man.

I know with us a little gold will cheer,
And smooth our path through life,
And to use it rightly while we are here,
Would save a deal of strife.

If God, with wisdom, placed us without wealth,
He gave us power to rise;
If He, in His mercy, gives us good health,
That is indeed a prize.

IN THE ASYLUM—THE KEEPER'S TALE.

YOU see that man in the yard there,
With the pale and the haggard face,
Him with the black and curly hair,
That walks with such a measured pace?

I'll tell you a tale of that man,
That will make your tears to o'erflow;
Well may he look vacant and wan,
O! it is such a tale of woe.

He once was as blythe and as gay
As any you'll meet with in life,
Till there came, O! one dismal day,
When he lost his children and wife.

His house was destroyed one dark morn,
When he had left home for the day,
Which left him all wretched and lorn
And swept all his loved ones away.

The neighbours they rushed in affright,
And tried all those poor souls to save;
The flames held them dreadfully tight,
And they sank in that fiery wave.

And Bob, he was singing that day
At work like a merry young lark,
When a woman came down to say
The words that made all his life dark,

And telling his mates, one by one,
But none the dread news dare to tell—
His home his affections had won,
They knew that he loved them so well—

Till one, with more nerve than the rest,
Going up, and called him aside,
And told him the Lord's ways were best
If we but with Him will abide.

And Bob he looked straight in his eyes—
The man turned as pale as could be—
"Whate'er do you mean by those sighs?
And why do you thus speak to me?

"You never did speak in this way;
Your actions peculiar do seem,
And you look so strange on this day—
O! tell me, whate'er do you mean?

"I know that the Lord, in His will,
Is good to such sinners as we—
But why are my mates standing still?
And why are they looking at me?

"I know you have something to tell,
Your doubts and your fears are in vain;
If Jane and the children are well,
I'll bear it and look up again.

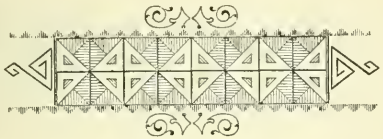
"I own they are part of my life,
I weep when I find them in pain;
She's a gem, my own darling wife—
O! why do you sigh at the name?

"Quick! tell me, I pray of you, Ned—
My brain is on fire with the thought—
What is it that woman has said?
O! what is the message she brought?"

He told him his wife she was dead,
And his darling boys were no more—
"O God!" were the words that he said,
And fell in a swoon to the floor.

His mates gathered round in dismay,
And wept as for one that was dead;
Then tearfully bore him away—
His reason completely had fled.

I hope that the Lord, in His grace,
Will give that poor soul heavenly life,
And let him, O! once more embrace
His long-lost, loved children and wife.



ROBIN REDBREAST.

PRETTY Robin, stay with me,
From my cottage do not flee;
Do not haste away.

Tarry with me yet awhile,
For you lighten all my toil
With thy little lay.

Other birds have sweeter notes,
But fond memory of thee floats
Back to other days,

When I was a little boy,
Full of hope and full of joy;
O! I loved thee then.

I have read in legends old,
When the Son of God was sold,
Men were full of scorn.

Grieved to see thy Maker die,
Round His sacred head did fly,
And dashed 'gainst a thorn.

And thy breast was stained with gore,
In pity for Him who bore
All the sins of men.

And a lesson thou hast taught,
Unto us with evil fraught,
Of devotion then.

And the crimson on thy breast,
Makes me love thee far the best
Of thy feathered mates.

And the thought comes back to me,
Have I done as much as thee
For my Saviour King?

TO JAMES HICKSON, Esq.,

On Presenting me with a Volume of his Early Poems.

DEAR friend, I thank thee for thy noble gift,
And while I live 'twill treasured be by me;
Such kindness shown my lowly bosom lifts,
And fills my heart with thankfulness to thee.

Within its folds I trace the simple sign,
The true poetic feelings of thy soul,
The sweet outpourings of a mind sublime,
That seeks a home eternal for its goal.

I love a man with sentiments like thine,
They leave their impress on the human heart;
And cannot be effaced by length of time,
Or ever from the thoughtful mind depart.

Thou hast the love and feelings of a man,
  Thy every word and deed proclaim it so;
You do to others all the good you can,
  And carry with you love where'er you go.

Were I a poet I would sing thy praise,
  I know thy deep affection I have won;
O, may the Lord above prolong thy days,
  And grant thee health for many years to come.

THE SKYLARK.

O PRETTY Skylark with thy lovely song,
That sounds so sweetly on the morning air,
To thee the right to roam through space belongs,
And leave this earth below so full of care.

Thou seem'st quite happy in thy upward flight,
As on you rise towards the bright morning sun,
To cast aside the silence of the night,
And let us mortals know the day's begun.

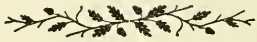
Why dost thou soar upon the wing so high?
There are lovely meadows to pass thy days,
Is it a grateful thought that makes thee fly?
To sing, with swelling throat, thy Maker's praise.

Thy morning song it fills me with delight,
A holy feeling through my bosom flows,
To think that God, with all his power and might,
Should make such little warblers charm us so.

O, I remember in my childhood's days,
I've stood and watched thee singing in the sky,
And felt enchanted with thy lovely lays,
And when thou vanished I have turned and sighed.

I love thee still, thou pretty warbling bird,
Thy tuneful notes go thrilling through my heart;
Thy pæans are the sweetest I have heard,
They make my bosom with emotion start.

O, that I could leave all the city's toil,
And live for ever on some flowery spot,
With thy sweet swelling songs the time beguile,
And all the cares of earth could be forgot.



LONGFELLOW.

A NOBLE man has gone to rest,
One whom we all adore;
He's passed the gate and with the blest,
On Christ's Eternal shore.

O, well did he his work perform,
Upon his mother earth;
That fair and glorious place adorn,
The land that gave him birth.

A poet of the rarest kind,
That ever graced a land,
So full of thought his verse we find,
So simple, yet so grand.

I love him for his simple rhyme,
So full of heavenly praise;
'Twill live until the end of time,
And drooping souls will raise.

America might well be glad
Of such a glorious son;
But now indeed their hearts are sad,
The poet's race is run.

O, what a noble mind had he,
To write in such a strain;
Could we but turn life's surging sea,
And bring him back again.

To write the songs that cheer the heart,
Through dreary winter's night;
That make our better feelings start,
And heavy labours light.

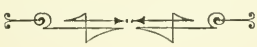
I know my wish is all in vain,
His work on earth is o'er;
He sings a far more sweeter strain,
On that unchanging shore;

When all shall stand within one fold,
On God's right hand above,
And heavenly light and joy behold,
And everlasting love.

This world would be a dreary waste,
Without such men as he ;
Who gives to us a little taste,
Of things that are to be.

Then lay him gently in the earth,
Let daisies grace the sod,
He loved the land that gave him birth ;
Now leave him with his God.

No monument need mark the place,
Nor marble bust be seen,
We'll cherish long that grand old face,
And keep his memory green.



BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

OH, how my eye it sparkles, when I see these pretty flowers,
That were to me so charming, in my boyhood's joyous hours;
They bring me back fond memories of a little youthful band
Of merry, laughing urchins, the happiest in the land.

Oh, with what shouts of mad delight, we scampered o'er the ground,
Plucking buttercups and daisies that were blooming around,
And with our hearts brimful of love, we bore those gems away,
And like the larks that sang o'erhead, we all were blythe and gay.

Oh, when I think of those sweet days, I breathe a heavy sigh;
And when I think of that wee band, a tear springs to my eye.
For some were restless, and for bread, the boundless ocean plod,
And some are laid beneath the turf, and resting with their God.

Oh, when we come to man's estate, and struggle with our lot!
Those happy days of childhood they can never be forgot.
And when we see these daisies, oh! they make us feel the more
How fleeting were our youthful days, those happy days of yore.

Oh, all these things have changed, and now another group I see,
Of merry little boys and girls so very dear to me;
And as they pluck these pretty flowers and dance about at play,
I breathe a sigh to think these joys for them will pass away.

Oh, when my days are ended, and I leave this
earthly shore,
And all the pretty wild flowers for me shall bloom
no more :
And when my soul from worldly cares, for ever it
has fled,
Oh, plant buttercups and daisies around my
narrow bed.

MOTH EATEN.

I HAD a robe of purest white,
So pure I placed it out of sight,
For fear that it would fade.

I kept it safe within my chest,
And there it lay as if at rest,
With others I had made.

I would not wear this fabric fine,
But kept it for a future time,
For some bright festive day.

And yet I knew it was not right,
To keep a treasure out of sight,
Or hide a gem away.

So seasons changed, time took its flight,
And then I thought this dress so white,
Had better now be seen.

But cruel moths had roamed at will,
And made their home within each frill,
And traversed o'er each seam.

I grieved to see my garment bright,
The one I prized, fade from my sight,
The one I loved so much.

I treasured up a robe so fair,
And now I see it in despair,
Crumbling at my touch.

All things will change their hue, I said,
And turn to dust when life has fled;
All earthly things will fade.

O, give me then the robe I seek!
That fits on all, the low and meek,
And never changes shade.

No moth can eat through flounce and frill,
No evil thing can roam at will,
No time its lustre blight.

A Mighty Hand has wove it so,
Its whiteness far excels the snow,
It sheds Eternal Light.

MY MOTHER.

THEY laid her in the grave one morn in May,
Her gentle spirit from this earth has flown,
It was for me, indeed, a darksome day,
For I must wander on my way alone.

O Mother, from thy far off voiceless land!
Be thou my guide through life's tempestuous way,
Thy loving spirit take me by the hand,
And hover round my form both night and day.

Thy love for me was boundless as the deep,—
I miss the sweet good night you gave to me;
O, let thy vision kiss me in my sleep,
And buoy me up upon this troubled sea.

In fancy now I see that lovely face,
And hear the voice that soothed my every fear;
My childhood's happy years I backward trace,
I sigh and murmur "Would that she were here."

I have the sweet remembrance of thy love,
To cheer me up in sorrow's darkest day;
And fondest hope, we yet may meet above,
And in thy loving arms to rest alway.

The Power that did decree we should part,
And leave me here alone, thy cherished son;
To that Power I pray with all my heart,
And bow my head and say "Thy will be done."

A RING, A RING OF ROSES.

A RING, a ring of roses,
O sing it while you may!
A ring, a ring of roses!
For soon will come a day
When all the songs and dances
That tender hearts enhances,
And fills the youthful fancies,
Will quickly pass away.

A ring, a ring of roses,
It floats upon the air;
A ring, a ring of roses,
From many children there;
With souls devoid of sadness,
And eyes brimful of gladness,
They romp in mimic madness,
The happy time away.

A ring, a ring of roses,
As age comes creeping on;
A ring, a ring of roses,
When youthful days are gone;
O may your children meeting
Extend a loving greeting,
And all your years while fleeting,
Be joyful as to-day.

THE OLD YEAR, 1882.

ANOTHER year is fleeing from us fast,
With all its joys and all its pain,
And numbered with the many that have past,
And on our vision ne'er will dawn again.

Well, let it go, it has not been so gay;
The sound of war has thundered in our ears,
And taken hundreds of our sons away
That might have lived through many happy years.

How many gallant hearts have ceased to beat,
That went to battle for their country's pride,
Where upon Egypt's plains the foe did meet,
Upon its burning sands like heroes died?

How many friends are laid beneath the sod?
How many children weep for parents dear?
O, let us hope they're singing with their God,
And entered on a bright eternal year!

Many a mother with her boundless love,
Has prayed to God to guard her sailor boy,
And waft him o'er the waters like a dove,
To fill her heart with happiness and joy.

And did he come to gladden her dim eye?
Ah, no! he rests upon a sandy bier;
Upon that loving breast no more will lie,
For her its been a very mournful year.

I'm glad thou'rt going with thy many woes,
O, do not tarry longer in my sight!
May all mankind make friends of all their foes,
And may the new year be more calm and bright.

THE NEW YEAR, 1883.

HAIL! glad new year, I hope you'll be more calm,
And bring to weary hearts more soothing balm
Than did the year that's past.

It was a time of trouble and of woe,
And o'er many a happy home I know,
A fearful gloom has cast.

Our sons went forth to fight an Arab race,
Whose hearts are even darker than their face,
And died so far away.

Which sent a thrill through many a mother's heart,
To think she with her soldier boy must part
Until the judgment day.

I hope we'll hear no more of war's alarms,
But find a refuge in each other's arms,
And all men live at peace.

THE BLIND MAN'S PRAYER.

O, BLESSED Lord, touch Thou each sightless eye,
And let Thy servant see the glorious sun!
O, do not let the hope within me die,
But strengthen Thou a poor afflicted one.

Oh, I remember when a little boy,
Before my eyes were clouded o'er and dark,
When all my future seemed a round of joy,
Ah, long before the blight fell on my heart!

I then could see the lovely summer skies;
I then could see the blue and tranquil sea;
But now all nature is denied my eyes,
O Lord, be merciful, and pity me!

Before my mental vision shapes appear,
And round each form I see a shining light,
And with their movements strains sublime I hear,
Which gives me hope through my long cheerless night.

Father, to Thee, thy poor blind servant calls,
And prays in mercy Thou will touch his eyes;
If not on earth, O, take me to Thyself,
And let me see Thy Face in Paradise.

SPRING.

THE spring is coming with its flowers,
Genial sun and glist'ning showers,
To brighten up the land.

The winter time is dark and drear,
No bright green leaves or buds appear,
To charm the eye of man,

The fields lose all their lovely green,
No daisies on the ground are seen,
When winter's winds do blow.

But winter's going now away,
And spring has come in bright array,
To deck our fields anew.

And nature's face will be more gay,
We'll wander through the fields away,
And bright will be the view.

We'll see the birds and hear them sing,
And watch them rise upon the wing,
To welcome smiling spring.

SUMMER.

O, GENTLE summer, with thy breeze,
That murmurs music through the trees,
Gladly I welcome thee.

I've longed for thee many a day,
And watched dull winter pass away,
Thy face with joy I see.

The winter has no charms for me,
I love to roam the meadows free,
And gaze upon the sky.

And all the feelings of my heart,
Burst forth in one rapturous start,
In praise of Him on high,

Who made the lovely summer time,
The dells so fair, the flowers so prime,
To cheer the tired mind.

And feast the eyes on lovely things,
That summer in its splendour brings,
Such pleasure do I find.

It makes the heart expand with glee,
To lightly trip o'er grassy lea,
And view the scene so gay.

And hear the linnet sweetly call,
Beside the rushing waterfall,
His love so far away.

More music in the rippling rill,
That courses from the distant hill,
Than all the cities' din.

O, summer, do not haste away,
But keep this earth all bright and gay,
To make our hearts rejoice.

AUTUMN.

AUTUMN has come, the leaves are falling fast
Upon the ground, all scattered here and there;
The season's near, that with its chilling blast,
Lays all our fields and lovely valleys bare.

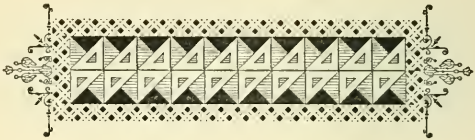
We must accept the change, although we love
To see the trees their varied beauties show;
And bow in meekness to that Power above,
Who makes the changing seasons come and go.

It makes me sigh to part with all these flowers,
That charmed me through the lovely summer time,
And made my heart expand in leisure hours,
To see both hill and valley in their prime.

O, when the autumn of our life is near,
And all this world's allurements seem to wane,
May we be ready without doubt or fear,
To leave them all without the slightest pain.

For what is life? just like the falling leaves,
They had their day of bloom, and so had we;
And now they fall from off the parent tree,
And we from off this parent earth must flee.

Let us take note how autumn time comes round,
And shows to us plainly everything must die;
When our days are setting may we be found
Ready upon the Saviour's breast to lie.



WINTER.

O WINTER, with thy frost and snow,
Thy cold and piercing blast;
Why do you linger with us so?
'Tis time that you were past.

I want to see the fields again
Bring forth their daisies gay;
I want to leave the haunts of men,
And wander far away,

To hold communion with the flowers
That sparkle o'er the sod;
I want to view in leisure hours
The handiwork of God.

O, winter, quickly haste away,
And let the spring come round;
Let hills and valleys be more gay,
And daisies deck the ground.

I want to roam with lightsome heart,
And hear the thrushes sing;
I want to see the merry lark
Rise sprightly on the wing.

I long to sit beside the streams
That babble all day long;
And watch the sun's most glorious beams,
And hear the blackbird's song.

O, haste away, thou art so drear,
No pleasure do you bring;
O, do not tarry longer here,
Make way for lovely spring.

THE SOUDAN WAR, 1885.

WHEN shall this warlike turmoil cease,
And man and brother live in peace,
And clasp him in his arms ?

The sight is sick'ning to the eye,
To see brave men go forth to die ;
O, dire is war's alarms.

The manly hearts thus passed away,
Are mourned in many a home to-day
On England's fertile shore.

A valiant Earle, a Burnaby,
A plucky Eyres, a Coveney,
Are gone for evermore.

And many braves of rank and file,
Are lying now on foreign soil,
While hearts are drear and lone.

Many a mother sighs in vain,
Within her arms to hold again
Her darling soldier boy.

O, that the god of war was dead!
The God of peace to reign instead,
To end this wicked strife.

And each man have a noble aim,
To raise his brother up again,
Not to destroy his life.

Or rush with fierce envenomed yell,
Like fiends enraged let loose from hell,
To spread dismay around.

And carry fire and sword through lands,
Where men should dwell in happy bands,
To sow and till the ground.

Is there no way to end disputes,
And stop men rushing on like brutes,
Holding a feast of death?

O, that the din of war would cease,
And every tribe in bonds of peace
Live now and evermore.

AN ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN.

O, MIGHTY ocean, in thy ceaseless roll,
Holding such wild dominion over men;
Keeping the mastery from pole to pole,
Thy limits are beyond all human ken.

I love to gaze upon thy broad expanse,
And think of friends who travelled on thy breast,
Who dreamt of far-off lands as in a trance;
But now within thy caves uneasy rest.

Many a faithful heart has sailed away,
In hopes to meet again in happier times;
And ploughed the ocean for many a day,
And toiled incessant in far distant climes,

And when he thought his toil and care was o'er,
And yearned to see the forms he loved so well,
He bids adieu to that bright sunny shore,
And journeyed home with hopes that none can tell.

He trusted all upon the treach'rous deep,
And thoughts of home were flowing through his brain;
But now within that dark abyss he sleeps,
And never more will see that home again.

No human hand can hold thy pow'r in check,
When lashed to fury by impetuous wind;
The stoutest ship will soon become a wreck,
And leave no vestige of her doom behind.

Relax thy all destructive pow'r, O deep,
Wring not the hearts of helpless women so!
O, do not make so many children weep,
And down their pretty cheeks the tears to flow.

Give up thy dead, thou all relentless deep,
And let their bodies rest in holy ground;
In thy dark depths they cannot calmly sleep,
In all thy mighty moving up and down.

Thou wilt not grant the humble prayer I ask,
But keep these trophies of thy dreadful pow'r;
Within thy darkest cells thou hast them fast,
And so will keep them till the final hour.

O, when the trumpet shall send forth its blast,
And all the buried nations rise again,
The boundless ocean from its depths will cast
The scattered bones of myriads of men.

Thou canst not hold them in thy dread embrace,
When Christ commands thee to give up thy dead;
For He has stilled the water's troubled face,
And thou art helpless when those words are said.

The souls that trusted thee thou hast betrayed,
And hurled them down in wild despair to die;
Too long the dreaded sceptre thou hast swayed,
As thousands on thy sands can testify.

Thou art the great destroyer of our lives,
Thy waters wave o'er many a youthful head;
Thou keep for ever husbands from their wives,
And cast them on the world to seek for bread.

Give back the dead, old ocean, give them back,
Restore them to the friends that mourn them lost;
They trusted thee upon thy boundless track,
And now beneath thy waters they are tossed.

I ask in vain, thou canst not part with them
Till Christ shall bid thee at the Judgment Day;
When He will come to save the souls of men,
And bear them all to heavenly bliss away.

THE SUNDERLAND CALAMITY,

Nearly 200 *Children killed at a Prize Entertainment, June* 16*th*, 1883.

THEIR youthful hearts were eager for a prize,
And in their glee they ran in wild delight;
Bright hope was seen within their beaming eyes,
But cruel death was feasting in their flight.

Their homes will miss the clatter of their feet,
Their merry voices will be heard no more—
No more their loving parents will they greet,
They dwell for ever on that blissful shore.

O, may they get a prize from Him above,
More rich and rare than any on this earth,
And live for ever in His boundless love,
And sing His praise who gave them heavenly birth.

There is a sweet consoling thought for those
Who weep and feel these little darlings' loss;
They're safe within the fold from this world's woes,
And on the sea of life will ne'er be tossed.

They're free from all the toil and moil of life,
And live in unity and sweet concord:
They never more will hear the sound of strife,
They're safe within the arms of Christ their Lord.

THE LABOURER.

HOLD up thy head, thou son of toil,
Nor be ashamed to stand
Amongst the wealthy and the great,
Or nobles of the land.

Thy horny hands are no disgrace,
A king might envy them,
For he who fills his proper place
Is noblest of men.

Thou hast a duty here on earth
Equal to prince or peer;
And though but humble was thy birth,
Shine thou within thy sphere.

Stand up erect, the world is thine
  Wherein to make a name;
Be diligent, and thou in time
  Will surely rise to fame.

Thy honest work brings sweet repose
  And health unto each cheek,
The drones on earth are only those
  Who worldly pleasures seek.

Then stand upright, respect thyself,
  Let nought thy footsteps stay,
And you will find some kindly ones
  Will cheer you on your way.

Some must rule, and others must work,
  Each one a place must fill;
Then do not waver, never shirk,
  But labour with a will.

But wheresoe'er thy lot is cast,
  Be steadfast, firm, and true;
And be thou faithful to the last,
  Thy Master's will to do.

YOUTHFUL COURAGE.

UP, my lads, and let's be doing;
Put aside all foolish banter,
There is plenty worth pursuing,
For the good let's always hanker.

While you struggle, if you stumble,
O, try again another way;
Do not let the slightest grumble,
Mar the victory of the day.

If you're timid when you're little,
And will not do the best you can;
Friends won't care for you a tittle,
And you will never be a man.

I'm a young one, but I mean to
Help all my brothers on this earth;
And whatever land I go to,
I won't disgrace my place of birth.

I have read of boys in story,
Yes, who have fought up-hill all day,
But at night were crowned with glory,
Aye, and they bore the prize away.

If you fail don't be down-hearted,
Try and be braver than before;
Never from your aim be parted,
And you will smile when all is o'er.

From the paths of truth and virtue
Do not waver, no, not a jot;
And whatever fate surrounds you,
O, be contented with your lot.

Up, my lads, and let's be doing,
In whatever sphere we are cast;
There is plenty worth pursuing,
And you are sure to win at last.

MUSING.

I LOVE to muse upon the days gone by,
And conjure up the beings that I knew;
But tears will spring into my dreaming eyes,
And hide each lovely image from my view.

O, where have all my gay companions gone?
Whose youthful hearts ne'er felt a touch of pain;
They've vanished from my vision one by one,
And now in fancy they come back again.

This sweet day-dreaming makes my bosom swell,
And opens out the flood-gates of my heart;
To think from all the forms I loved so well,
Upon this earth I evermore must part.

Some dreamt of fortunes in lands far away,
And full of hope went buoyant o'er the deep;
But fate o'ertook them on their wat'ry way,
And in some deep-down coral cave they sleep.

And others lie within their native soil,
And rest for ever from a world of pain;
Their ever-willing hands know no more toil,
Their earthly death has been a heavenly gain.

And now they flit before my tear-dimmed eyes,
And waft me back to scenes of long ago;
Within my throbbing breast strange feelings rise,
And in my musings shadows come and go.

From these fantastic workings of the mind,
This ever pondering o'er the paths we've trod,
A sweet consoling influence we find,
That brings us nearer unto Thee, O God.

A WISH ON NEW YEAR'S EVE, 1884.

O, WITH the hours of this departing year,
May all remembrances of ill-feeling go,
And on the morrow's dawn sweet hope appear,
To make loved feelings through our bosoms flow.

Let's bury deep all hatred of the past,
And grasp each other firmly by the hand;
It is not Christian-like for strife to last,
To spread its desolation through each land.

May all old friends that parted long ago,
Forget their anger and waft back their love;
And wish that in the coming year may flow
Incessant blessings from that King above.

OUTWARD BOUND.

HOW gallantly she rides along,
Upon her outward track;
How joyous sounds the sailors' song,
And happy is each Jack.

God speed thee on, with flowing sails,
To lands so bright and fair;
And may you weather every gale
Until you anchor there,

Where loving hearts will welcome thee
From dear old England's shore,
And beaming eyes will gladly see
Those friends they loved of yore.

There stands upon that noble deck
Fond hearts as true as steel,
Whom arduous duties ne'er can check,
Or hardships make them yield.

They go to lands so far away,
Where fortunes may be won ;
And sweet contentment waits each day
For those that struggle on.

And when upon some sunny strand,
Think always of your home,
And keep in mind your native land
And those you left alone.

Then fare-you-well, ye dauntless few,
God speed you on your track ;
You go resolved to dare and do,
And come in triumph back.

BRAVE FRED. BURNABY.

OF stalwart form and manly heart,
It grieves us much with him to part,
Our Fred. we loved so well.

And dear old England cannot spare
Such men as he, who do and dare
The deeds that none excel.

Of dauntless courage, brave, yet mild,
He was as gentle as a child,
Though burly was his form.

Such men as he are England's might—
Such prowess that they show in fight
Would any land adorn.

All thoughts of home he set aside,
For fame and glory nobly died—
And honour him we must.

A cruel thrust of Moslem spear
Cut short our hero's brave career,
And laid him in the dust.

No single chief from Kordofan
Could e'er subdue so brave a man,
But numbers laid him low.

But ere the stream of life was spent,
Unto his long account he sent
Many an Arab foe.

Let's keep his memory ever green,
Who fought so nobly for his Queen
And dear old England's fame.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

I AM gazing at the embers as they sparkle, oh! so bright!
As they dance and gleam before my eyes this cold and wintry night;
And my soul is lifted far above the turmoil of the day,
And forms are flitting through my mind that have long since passed away.

My thoughts are wandering back again to that sweet Christmas tide,
When her I wooed so many years I made my darling bride;

And round my home she shed a glow, and everything seemed bright,
But now I weep, her spirit's flown, and I am lone to-night.

In youth we dream of joys to come, and picture scenes so gay,
Ne'er thinking death's relentless hand will snatch them all away,
And leave a dreary waste behind that naught on earth can fill—
The flowers may bloom and birds may sing, but we are lonely still.

When once a loving, trusting heart is harrowed deep by pain,
The joys and pleasures of this earth for ever seem to wane;
And though amongst the busy throng we don an outward show,
Our minds are ever looking back to that dear long ago.

'Tis hope that lifts me up to-night and cheers my
inmost soul—
A hope that all may meet again when we have
reached the goal,
Where there will be no parting, no sighs, no bitter
tears,
But happy be for ever through endless fadeless
years.

MARY—A TALE IN THREE PARTS.

PART FIRST.

ONE day a maiden sat under a tree,
She was as happy as maiden could be,
Thinking of joys in store,

And pondering about her future life,
When her lover would call her darling wife,
As maids have dreamt before.

'Twas Mary, who never was seen to frown,
She, the life and joy of our little town—
O, such a lovely face!

Her form was perfection, and sweet to see,
And when she tripped over meadow and lea,
Moved with a fairy grace.

Her heart was the lightest in all the town,
Her eyes bewitching and beautiful brown—
She, the sweetest of all.

Yes, just such a lovely maiden was she,
Who, pensively dreaming under the tree,
To hold your heart in thrall.

PART SECOND.

But time has passed since that bright summer's day,
And tinged that luxuriant hair with gray,
And touched her brow with care.

For she mixed with the world and all its joys,
Tasted its pleasures and felt its alloys—
Of grief she had her share.

Her love is as pure as when she was wed,
When forth from the church with blushes he led
Her as his darling wife;

But the anxious care that mothers must know
Who teach all their children the way to go
Uprightly through this life,

Has left its deep mark on her lovely brow;
And the only thing that does cheer her now—
Her husband's steadfast love,

And the thought she has done her duty well,
And the rich reward when she goes to dwell
To the blessed home above.

PART THIRD.

A form is asleep in the churchyard nigh,
And many a fond bosom breathes a sigh
For her they knew so well.

And down their pale cheeks the hot tears will flow,
And they sing her praise wherever they go,
And of her goodness tell.

She has done her duty while here on earth,
And now receives the bright crown that's worth
The struggle that is o'er.

There's many a maiden, ah, well-a-day,
That is dreaming her youthful hours away,
And pictures joys in store.

And when she doth all earth's treasures find,
There yet is a something still left behind,
A void within her still,

Which only the Saviour who dwells on high,
And reigns supreme above the bright blue sky,
Can satisfy and fill.

THE CHILDREN.

LET the children romp about
While the sun shines warm and bright
Let them raise the joyous shout
While their hearts are pure and light.

Do not check them in their song,
Let them sing, ah, sing all day;
Soon old time will pass along,
And will take their joys away.

Their young hearts no sorrows know;
Skipping, dancing, full of glee,
Spirits buoyant, cheeks aglow,
Bounding o'er the flow'ry lea.

Happy children! trip away,
Catch the sunbeams while they gleam;
Ah! too soon will come a day
When shall fade your childhood's dream—

Fade, and leave within each mind
Fond remembrance of the past,
Happier days you ne'er will find,
Though around you wealth be cast.

May your hearts in future years
Be as happy as to day;
Void of trials, free from tears,
Joyful, blissful, pure alway.

HASSAN BEN, THE WISE.

HASSAN Ben Omar, in Bessora's town,
One morning found himself quite broken down;
Homeless and penniless, with weary head,
Not knowing where to go and ask for bread;
And yet, only a few short months had flown
Since he could call a vast domain his own—
Camels and horses, and rich vineyards too,
And lovely groves where fragrant spices grew.
He did not heed the law Mahomet taught,
But deeply drank of wine with evils fraught;
Its deadly charm had robbed him of his land,
And woven round his form with magic wand
Its direst curse, then left him to his fate,
To beg a pittance at some city's gate.

And thus we find him on this summer's morn
Cursing the fates that ever he was born.
Upon the prophet calls in deep despair,
With hands uplifted wildly beats the air;
One cry to Allah—then he looks around,
Powerless and fainting, falls upon the ground.
And while with whirling brain he prostrate lies,
And scenes fantastic flit before his eyes,
A voice celestial sounds within his ear,
And lo! a form sublime is standing near;
And sweeter than the warblings of the birds
Came forth in dulcet tones these plaintive words,
"Why dost thou drink this liquid fire of earth,
That robs thy soul and body of its worth,
And leaves thee naked through the streets to roam,
Without respect, ah! e'en without a home?
If thou wilt counsel take and list to me,
There yet are days of peace in store for thee.
Drink no more wine for three years from this day,
And then a kingdom great will own thy sway;
When thou art thirsty drink of water clear,
Remember well what I have spoken here!"
The angel paused, then vanished from that place.
Hassan Ben Omar rose, with smiling face.

He sought the mart, engaged as serving man,
And o'er the desert drove the caravan.
He laboured hard each day with joy and pride,
His gourd of water ever by his side ;
And in his dreams a vision bright he saw,
Who bade him faithful be and keep the law.
And so the time passed happily along,
With merry laugh and ever jocund song ;
And yet the thought was running through his brain,
"What kingdom is it where I yet shall reign ?
What Allah speaks I know will surely be,
But wealth has wrought such misery for me
That now I fear to leave this desert plain
And walk upon temptation's paths again."

* * * * *

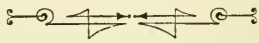
Three years had swiftly passed within a day,
And Hassan Ben was journeying on his way,
Pondering what to-morrow's dawn would bring,
And where the empire he should rule as king,
When lo ! an aged man with locks so white
Appeared amidst a rich resplendent light.
Hassan Ben Omar meekly bowed his head,
And in silvery tones the vision said :—

" Son of the Prophet, thou hast faithful been,
And all thy days shall henceforth be serene;
No warrior chief beneath this sunny clime,
Hath gained a victory as great as thine;
For thou hast ruled thyself from all excess,
And thy reward must e'en be none the less.
The kingdom that I promised unto thee—
It is thyself, from bondage ever free.
The deadly wine cup thou hast cast aside,
And now thou stand'st in all thy manhood's pride;
Proclaim it to the tribes upon each desert plain,
That Hassan Ben will never drink again.
And while with lightsome heart you lead the van,
Reclaim the fallen of thy fellowmen;
And through all ages as time quickly flies,
Thou shalt be known as Hassan Ben the wise!"
The vision paused a moment, then 'twas gone,
And Omar stood there, reverent, alone.
And so he laboured hard with foe and friend,
And Hassan Ben was faithful to the end.

MARTHA GREEN.

I COURTED a damsel—Miss Martha Green—
With face the sweetest I ever had seen;
So I popped the question, yes, right away,
And I begged her to name the wedding day.
But she blushed and said, "O, dear Teddy, wait!"
But I was quite anxious to know my fate;
For I was in love, and also in haste,
So I just slipped my arm around her waist,
And I asked her again to be my wife,
And we would be happy through all our life.
She blushed like the rose, a beauteous red,
And this is what Martha the damsel said:
"You know, dear Teddy, I've got no Da,
So you must first speak to my dear Mamma;
But whene'er I wed, and whoe'er he be,
My darling mother must live with me;
For she would be lonely, and fret, and cry,
I know she'd be happy with you and I!"
Her mother was one of those vinegar girls,

With a big chignon and long corkscrew curls;
And I knew if once she entered my cot,
When her dander was up she would make it hot.
So I shook my head, saying "'Twould not do
For your mother to live with me and you;
You know her temper much better than I,
At the least word in a passion she'll fly.
Look at Tom Smith, when your sister he wed
Why your mother drove him wrong in his head!
And I want when married at home to stay,
And not be nagged at and driven away."
So I spoke out straight, for I plainly saw
That I was in for a mother-in-law.
I need not dwell long on the scene that night;
All my love for Martha was quenched outright.
Her temper got up, and she kicked my hat,
"Did I think her mother was this and that?"
So I thought it better to steal away.
I've never clapped eyes on her since that day;
So I lost my girl, the sweetest I saw,
And I lost a red-hot mother-in-law.



THE SOUTHPORT LIFEBOAT DISASTER,

DECEMBER 9TH, 1886.

THE gallant deeds of Britain's sons will stand
the test of time,
Who risk their precious lives to save the wanderers o'er the brine;
With hearts of steel they bravely try to rescue
all they can,
And do their duty here on earth towards their
fellow-man.

The hardy sons of Southport will long remembered be,
Who went to certain death one night upon the treacherous sea;
No selfish thought! no coward's fear! undaunted were that crew,
For inspiration filled each breast who braved to dare and do!

No dread of death ran through their minds, no tremor on a lip,
As nerved with iron arm to save the helpless on the ship,
Right manfully they onward pressed, and strained their eager eyes,
For, far above the raging seas, they heard despairing cries.

O, what a thrill of wild despair ran through the hearts on shore,
When those brave heroes that they loved returned to them no more!

But, by the surging billows tossed, at duty's post they die,
And now, from all the storms of life, in peace they calmly lie!

No mail clad knight on tented field is half so brave as these,
Who ride, regardless of the storm, on white foam-crested seas;
And snatch from death's cold icy grasp the seamen on the main,
And bring them safe through tempests wild to loving arms again!

O, ye who dwell in stately halls, away from scenes like these,
All honour give those Southport sons who fearless faced the seas!
And while each babe, with lisping tongue, will ripen and grow old,
So will the deeds of those brave men with beating hearts be told!

The noble actions we perform are in a Book writ down,
And sacrifices such as these gain an immortal crown!
As Christ held forth His hand to save St. Peter from the waves,
So will he raise those martyred men from out their watery graves!

QUEEN VICTORIA'S JUBILEE,

JUNE, 1887.

A THOUSAND pæans are swelling o'er the land,
B ringing to hearts sweet love on every hand;
C atching the strain, the winds both far and wide
D iffused the music o'er the human tide.
E ager to catch a glimpse of England's Queen,
F orth in gay dress the toiling mass is seen;
G lad hearts send forth a fervent wish that we
H ail with great joy this day of Jubilee!
I n bright array the glittering train pass by,
J ust like a fairy scene before the eye—
K ings, princes, peers, in that long noble file,
L eave state affairs to honour Britain's isle;

M any a courtly dame and damsel fair
N ow greet with joy and love a Queen so rare.
O may this outward show be felt within—
P erchance 'twill make us feel we are akin.
Q ueen of our choice, reign thou amongst us long,
R eceive our homage and each loyal song;
S oon will this pomp and pageant pass away,
T eeming with martial sounds this festive day;
U nblemished will the future records be,
V erdant and green this year of Jubilee.
W e in our thousands bend a faithful knee—
X erxes himself could not outnumber thee,
Y ielding to none on this terrestrial sphere—
Z any and sage, raise one re-echoing cheer.

TO MOURNERS.

I WATCHED him peacefully sleeping, as he
lay on his little bed,
And his bright and golden tresses were clustering
round his head;
And his hands so thin were folded across that silent
breast,
And he looked in that darkened chamber like a
cherubim at rest.

But the light had forever faded, and the sweet blue
eyes were dim,
And the soul that had sobbed and fluttered, had
sped on an angel's wing
To the realms of love and beauty, to the home of
eternal joy,
Where the bliss is complete and wholly unmixed
with the world's alloy.

Where hearts that have sighed and sorrowed, and
brows that were furrowed with care,
Will reap of the golden harvest, partake of the
heavenly fare;
Where the soul will be free and unfettered through
never-ending years,
And roses adorn the pathway that on earth was
strewn with tears.

O, ye who have lent your loved ones to stand in
that joyous throng,
To be cloth'd in pure and spotless robes, and sing
Jehovah's songs—
Rejoice in your heart's recesses, for your little ones,
wrapt in joy,
Shall bloom through the countless ages, where no
tears will dim the eye;

Where the sun is forever shining, and where clouds
are never seen;
Where the hills, the dells and the meadows, are
bright with the golden sheen
That doth spring from the mighty Godhead, who
sits enthroned on high
In the land of celestial splendour, in the home
beyond the sky.

SUMMER'S FLEETING QUICKLY BY.

SUMMER'S fleeting quickly by,
And the flowers are fading, too;
Yes, their going makes me sigh,
For I love their dainty hue.

Winter winds will nip them so
That they cannot longer stay,
And to see them fade and go
Fills my heart with sad dismay.

For I love the summer time,
When the valleys all look gay
And the dells are in their prime,
Then I wander far away;

And I view with beating heart
  Little flow'rs that grace the sod,
And a pow'r within me starts,
  For I see, in all things, God,

Yes, a great Creator's hands
  Rules the seasons as they go,
And throughout the fertile land
  Plants sweet gems for us below.

O'er the mountain, o'er the hill
  In the summer time I stray,
And my heart with rapture fills
  At the beauties on the way.

O, I love the summer days—
  Glorious sunshine beaming long;
Then I sing my Maker's praise,
  Then I sing a joyous song.

Come, O quickly, come again,
  Come and shine o'er flow'ry lea;
Come and glad the hearts of men,
  Come, and I will welcome thee!

WHO ARE THE DEAD?

WHO are the dead? Not they who rest
Beneath the churchyard's verdant breast,
For *they* shall rise again!

Each rigid form will fade away—
'Tis but a fragile house of clay,
That cannot hold the soul.

They are not dead, whose lives were spent
With hope, and love, and mercy blent—
Such virtues never die!

They are the dead whose hearts are cold,
Who own no other God but gold—
They are the *truly* dead!

The widow's tear, the orphan's cry,
With hardened hearts they pass them by,
No touch of love they feel;

No common brotherhood they know;
They gather gold, naught else they sow—
Methinks *they* are the dead!

It is not only in the tomb,
Where all is wrapt in silent gloom,
That life has ceased to be;

But look through each congested street,
Where vice in every form doth creep,
Polluting all around;

Where men are steeped in every crime,
Where inward light doth never shine—
There will the dead be found!

LLANGOLLEN.

HEMMED in by verdant hills on every side,
O! I could in thy peaceful vale abide,
Far from the turmoil of a city's life,
Free and unfettered by all earthly strife—
The winding Dee, murmuring in its roll
Music so sweet that captivates the soul;
The golden landscape, stretching far away,
Makes the heart yearn within its shade to stay.

Thy mountains, tinged with sunset's radiant ray,
Lend sweet enchantment to each closing day,
And shed a glitter over hill and dell,
That nought in foreign climes could e'er excel.
O! sweet Llangollen, where each lovely scene
Is clothed in nature's pure and brightest green;
No more I'll wander through Italian vales
Whilst scenes like thine abound in beauteous Wales.

EDWARD SUNNERS, THE LIVERPOOL CABMAN'S BISHOP.

DIED OCTOBER 21ST, 1886.

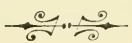
O HAPPY Edward! happy soul indeed,
To be from this world's sorrows safely freed!
To many thou wast like a beacon light,
And by thy converse nerved them for the fight;
Thy beaming eyes cheered many a weary soul,
And marked the path whereby to reach the goal,
Where he might take his cares and lay them down,
And win for ever an immortal crown!
Thy love of fellowmen was not a sham,
Thy hearty grasp proclaimed the honest man;
Religion was with thee a theme of love,
Thou e'er was faithful to thy God above;

No bigotry had clouded thy clear mind,
No vain or idle boasting o'er thy kind.
The seed that thou hast sown will grow apace,
Its fruits appear in many a happy face!
No creed, no sect, no dogma didst thou know,
But all were brothers on this earth below.
O, may thy spirit linger with us still,
And love as pure as thine our hearts may fill.

TO AGNES, ON HER BIRTHDAY.

DECEMBER 1ST, 1891.

AGAIN I greet thee on thy natal day,
With words of love to cheer thee on thy way;
Hoping that time, so rapid in its pace,
With each new year may bring redeeming grace;
And wheresoe'er thy youthful footsteps stray,
That thou may safely tread the narrow way
Which leads to joys beyond the joys of earth,
Where love and bliss await thy second birth.
O, cling thou closely to the living God!
That when thy form is laid beneath the sod,
And all this mighty universe hath waned,
Angels may summon thee to life again!



Gilbert G. Walmsley, 50, Lord Street, Liverpool.

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